UMAMI

The Essence of Deliciousness

Fahredin Shehu

inner child press, ltd.

Credits

Author

Fahredin Shehu

Editor

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

Cover Graphics & Design

William S. Peters Sr.
inner child press, ltd.

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UMAMI

Fahredin Shehu

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I dedicate this book to the light of my vision and purpose of my existence, Tamara and Reis.

Fahredin Shehu

November 2021

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Prologue

"*Work produces a sweet essence.*"
From the Sarmouni lore

It is not a work of art if it does not contain the inexplicable mystery and if the part is not an image of the whole.
Fahredin Shehu

UMAMI is my latest poetical offering in the realm of poetry. I say 'realm', because to me poetry is a dimension of the Grand Art entity that is also a fractal of creativity. As we do not have a better word to fully correspond to the complexities of the sense of taste than the Japanese word "UMAMI" – in its rough connotation, "the essence of deliciousness", I was compelled to use this word to partner the delicacy of tastes with that which the reader will experience in these verses.

The entire poetry material in this modest book is something I have been able to extract from the emotional intelligence which oscillates freely in the quantum field. I was fortunate to extricate it from those delicate wavelengths and frequencies and bring it to the reader in their poetic form. I want to believe that my efforts were not futile.

Perhaps this is the first time someone tries to implore the delectable experience in verse. There have been authors who demonstrated an erotic attitude in their books whereas I imagine an epicurean element of art as it transpires with perfumes. So, I invite you to this journey and witness the transformation of poetry; in fact, its emancipation into Theurgy which is something more than arts and crafts and less than a revelation.

UMAMI shall mark my last poetical offering as there are other areas of creativity that I want to share with the world. I will thus end the cycle of my poetic writings which span over three decades.

Before my last poetry book takes you to the next pages, I would like to express my gratitude for my beloved wife and children who let me dwell in other dimensions without interfering in my quest; for Tendo Taijin, poet, reciter, calligrapher from Japan, who wrote about this book after reading it passionately; for Dr. Hülya Yılmaz, a most professional editor, and finally, for my publisher, Mr. William S. Peters, Sr. who has opened a portal for my words and voice that were screaming in the Albanian language for over twenty years. I also would like hereby to keep alive the memory of the late Janet P. Caldwell who was a muse, tutor and a creative maternal figure to me back in 2012 when my journey with Inner Child Press, ltd. had just begun.

Let *UMAMI* become a book that brings celestial delights into terrestrial pleasures for this out worldly phenomenon.

Fahredin Shehu
May, 2022
Kosova

The Manifesto de Facto of Fahredin Shehu

The Emancipation of Art into Theurgy

Poetry is a quantum consciousness, using a word as a weft to design the tapestry of creativeness. Whether it guides or deludes you, that is completely another issue.

The question of origin as a determining aspect of a political entity has cut off many talents that might give to the global creativity a fractal of the grand human beauty. We are not an exclusion! Yet the peculiar language of the Crane from the anonymous ladies from the Delphi Oracle is followed through millennia as a curse to the Albanian language. It is still a burden in the digital age when literary innovativeness is about to climb to the level of quantum consciousness, and/or diminish its seal, its signature and become a theurgic anonymity and a resource for all, just like fresh air.

While crafting, the anonymous never endorse their work. In art, the signature becomes the source, the origin and a determining factor of someone's prodigious creativity. On the contrary, in theurgy of higher consciousness creativity the signature loses its meaning and place, because such art is concerned with beauty and does not expect a materialistic capitalization out of its innovation. For it is created from electromagnetic waves, nurtured by a plethora of frequencies to which the inventive artist is exposed and tuned with, which shows the real Metanoia (Greek for maturity of consciousness).

I do expect to see humanity well-elevated in terms of being accepting of diversity of thoughts, gender, nationality, political differences, etc. Just like it accepts the pleroma-ic

diversity of its psychosomatic composition of which it is not fully aware. Yet it accepts it just as it has accepted the entire complexity of its existence.

For over three decades, I have been absorbing all what I could from the human source as well as from the invisible, as-of-yet in-comprehensible, visible, semi-visible and invisible sources in order to fully understand the meaning of life which is the art of existence; so close to us, yet so far from our comprehension. Unless understood as a wholeness, I could hardly cut off the particle that does not resemble the totality as above-mentioned manifestations. Often, I have expressed that we lack the terrestrial vocabulary for the celestial quest. But what is celestial in human terms loses its meaning in the age of logic and scientific advancements, not seen in the ages of the past.

Perhaps the celestial in the Here and Now might be the process of creating itself, the politics of living among and within the difference, the cohabitation with the unknown, semi-known and totally known as scientific fact. We are often automatically captured by the morality of creativeness and bonds to the process which differ from the routine. Creating the ephemeral landscape and/or dimension is of great importance for the inventive writer, who manages to manifest with his tools of imagination and material resources the creative product. The end-result needs to be named and designated in order to give its existence fortitude regardless of its lifespan.

Some years ago, I have been triggered by the concept of layers and how they happened to delude me in the process of creative writing. I have finally realized in all terms where they lead the one who is under a self-realization through art as explained by Kandinsky, and how to keep it intact – not to resemble philosophy, but rather to mirror a self-understanding. What transpires, and how would all of it impact the other layers; namely, that of reception and absorption – until, that is, it might be respected as an

emancipated art form? Based on Iamblichus and Berdyaev and due to the fact that I lack the proper contemporary term, I have daringly put forward the concept of “theurgy”. To reinstate once again, I lack the terrestrial vocabulary for the celestial quest. The following poem from my *UMAMI* will shed some light into the conceptualization of my mention:

Layers

Among layers upon layers
of golden sheets of memories set,
I found a difference between
information, knowledge, knowing,
wisdom and revelation.

While it all tastes confusing,
the cloud of consciousness above
the top of my head
hides the seven colours of the rainbow and
the Vantablack, hidden deep
under the abyss of the surface,
it all brought a chill and thrill
while UMAMI enveloped
my tongue, unable to utter
a word of love

Self-love, primarily focused on love toward the Man(kind), should be the sole concern. Otherwise, an art product will lose its intended meaning. In abstract art forms, a different meaning is given to a piece rather than to the whole as originally consented by the artist – whether she/he is a poet, painter, music composer, etc. This tendency evidences itself either through an endorsement of the artist or a word by an anonymous theurgist, and/or via a piece of other art-elevated

forms. The outcome then is as if the produced art is stolen from the world of dreams and imagination of the artist who does not care if her/his name is seen on the covers of richly illustrated magazines or in headline news. This kind of creativeness is fundamentally similar to the priceless natural resources and the environment we value, yet live to meticulously endanger to the point of threatening our own survival.

A Preamble

by

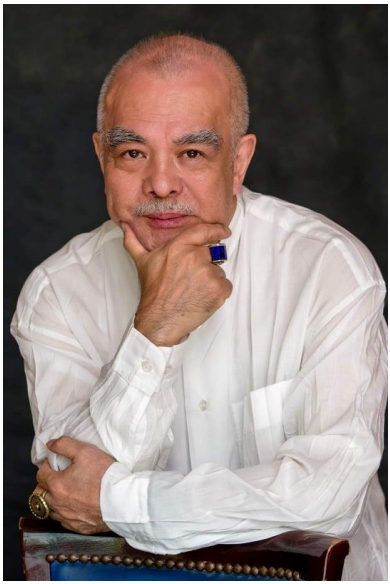
TendoTaijin

It would never have occurred to a Japanese person to use “UMAMI” as the title of a poetry collection. I felt like I had been caught off guard. UMAMI is a word used especially for Japanese cuisine, and I admire the poet Fahredin Shehu's keen sense of language in choosing it as the title of his book.

UMAMI, which belongs to the sense of taste among the five human senses, is a subtle combination of bonito flakes and kelp broth, and the better the chef, the more particular he is about the broth that determines the quality of the dish. In the poem, “I Am More Than an Electron”, Shehu crafts the following lines:

He learned letters
he learned numbers, too
the names of animals
names of plants, too
names of stones
names of waters
all sorts of waters, too,
and the tastes of all sorts
and the complexity of the tastes
until the essence of deliciousness

The ultimate taste of UMAMI depends on this assembly of poems.



TendoTaijin, poet, reciter, calligrapher, was born in 1944 in Otaru-city, Hokkaido. His published collections include *A World of Illusion* (1981), *The Azure Ring of Ezra Pound* (1995), *Great God, Kitchee Manitou* (1997), *Rosso di Maggio* (1999), *The Wind of Dakar* (2005), and *The Snow of Picos de Europa* (2015).

Since October 2006, Mr. Taijin has produced 1,650 poetry performances through his art project titled "Projet La Voix des Poètes" in Tokyo, Japan. In July, 1990, Mr. Taijin attended a master class with Galina Vishnevskaya in Salzburg. In March, 2002, he held a solo voice performance at the Arena de Verona, Italy.

A member of the International Poetry Association of Africa since 2000, Tendo Taijin is actively reviving the art of poetry recitation. He participates in festivals around the world, such as Argentina (Buenos Aires, Rosario); Bangladesh (Dhaka); Benin (Cotonou); Colombia (Medellín); Cuba (Havana, Matanzas); France (Saint-Nazaire); Iran (Abadan, Tehran); Iraq (Babylon, Baghdad); Italy (Genoa, Florence, Pistoia, Verona); Madagascar (Antananarivo); Mali (Bamako, Dogon); Mauritius (Port Louis); New Zealand (Wellington); Portugal (Aveiro); Réunion (Saint-Denis); Senegal (Dakar, Saint-Louis); South Korea (Pyeongchang, Seoul); Switzerland (Zurich); U.S.A. (Seattle, WA); Venezuela (Caracas); etc.

Each year since 1990, Mr. Taijin has been re-dedicating his voice to the God of the Sea at the Watazumi Shrine (Nagasaki-ken). He is presently a member of the Pen Club of Japan, and is globally renowned as a writer and reciter of poetry, a calligrapher, and an art critic.

The Poetry

Real friendship
is an accomplished oath of eternity
in the Here-Now.

Her

A beam of sunlight shined
on the emerald grass, wet from
the morning dew, and the shades
of the willow were soothing
old burns of their souls

A Cornucopia sat on the blanket
long days of earthly delights
await to entangle with
the caught-up genderless souls

Whose art, this mystery? They and we
have no idea, nor has anyone ever attempted
to decipher those codes

Him

They got him to come back home
from the school he loved
earlier than usual.
They had him circumcised
at the age of seven,
as if this number was
added to his entity
to endorse his maturity.

They never asked him
where he shall be born,
nor did they ask him how
they shall name him.
So, he bears the name
that means “a Torchbearer”.

Hesh

I

. . . and Hesh* descended
in all sparkles and shine
to enkindle the wandering souls,
wandering between here and now
with all their particles
dispersed throughout the air

. . . and the heavy sun rays
beamed on Hesh's being
made a transparent
semi-visible manifestation
of the Universe's image,
equaling the Becoming

II

They sent Hesh to explain
the evolution of the universe
the birth and the dying of the stars
the breathing and exhaling
of the Universe's consciousness
to spark on its behalf
utterly to manifest
the timelessness through
selflessness
but who shall host
and who shall offer the UMAMI?

III

Hesh was ready to vibrate
the sounds below and above
their perception

. . . and there were men,
those lucid lunatics for
the mere mortals
those who extinguished
every desire for earthly
achievements and pride,
ready to be ordered as
in times immemorial
when it was said “Be!”
and they “Became”

IV

Hesh appeared in a town square
close to a covered bazaar
the merchants came to bargain
the priceless goods
unseen before, even
after the formation of
the first state of the Earth’s crust,
and lava still bubbling beneath

believers left the temple
and rushed to reveal their illusions
and awe upon self-reflections

the senile disappeared in
all faces, except for those
of the hopeful orphans

*Hesh stands for a genderless entity.

Why Would One Want More?

The last few words
I uttered were full of hope,
hope-giving, hope-dreaming

When one shuns his own light
and the rest goes astray,
when the Sun shines potently
on the Spring Solstice,
all I want is the blooming
of cherries and acacia,
the latter being a sigh of relief

. . . relief from a day
full of daily burdens and
the fear of the unknown
then, next to the acacia fragrance
and the chirping voices
of the birds, my lungs
can get full and the green-hearted
Chakra will radiate love

Why would one want more?

Great Things

Far from those important
things that always happen
in silence, for the time
when your own shadow
disappears, here on the hill,
some clouds are giving
their last breath

The sun-rays diffract
silently as if the funeral
of a mere farmer walks on heavily
the procession, in a hush,
mourns, and white pigeons
safeguard the tomb

Again, for all those silent
moments that happen in a hush,
great art emerges amidst
the labor, pain and thrill
the kind of art that needs nourishing
to mature and ascend to
Theurgy – to equal creativity,
to equal the existence,
to merge in the Universal Consciousness
where all great things happen not in vain

Beyond the Dusk

The time between two hours,
marking a transition
the Sage had foreseen
centuries ago, happens
to be the marriage
of some distant souls,
found on the spot among
millions of the unseen others

I walked barefoot,
tossing the crystallized tears upon
a wet grass, the falling sound
of which echoes bitterly,
for she holds the palms of
that other I never knew of,
the one I never dreamt of,
seeing that the happy
bitter-sweet taste lasted
longer than a lifespan
of the barking toward the
stranger's dog

If they are happy,
I must be, too!

Beyond the dusk, I ascend
to the moon. I turn hopeful
fields. Frequencies and vibrations
are all what envelop me

Why shall I ask for more?

Not Pretty Enough

It all turned vague
All efforts in vain
Swirled memories
In this mortal coil
So much bitterness
So much despair

No earthly smell after
The rain, no Petrichor
No chirping grasshoppers
Around to send the teleported
Messages from the worlds in-between

Does it all look so pretty?

Honeysuckle for Longevity

What an age!
What a life full of zest!
In a tranquil past of the town
where miracle happens every
now and then, no one
is aghast nor bewildered
to record this entire simplicity.

Days, weeks, months, and years,
. . . and some decades of truth
have been truly the tapestry
of being.

With a smile,
the old lady nurtures the Irises
in early spring and the house,
surrounded by Ivy and Honeysuckle
for coziness in hot days.

All talks on their longevity,
all smiles turn toward
her gracious walk.

The son came back home,
escaping the urban fog and smog,
and the mocking afterwards
gave him such a strength that
he said:
“Different strokes for different folks.”

Blessed Be All These Days

“Sweeter the fruit,
the sweetest the life”

the apricot trees,
heavy with their fruit
I see molasses leaking
down the bark of the tree,
and a row of ants
climbing to the twigs

a basket full of ripe apricots,
she collected,
to please some travelers
after their long journey home,
looking elsewhere for joy
but the real joy
is here, back home
among the sweetest
particles of life

The Sour Days of Youth

All those bruises
turned yellow.
The scars are sewn
with the threads made
from the intestines of lambs.

I now count the marks on
my skin. Every time I recall,
sourness prevails in my mouth.

The blood runs heavy
as if all foams of the ocean
are poured in my veins.

Life gets a new meaning
when you are with me.

To Whom It May Pain

You may see how
it all turned out well
when the crimson clouds
flew above our heads

Nothing to fear about
the upcoming calamity

Nothing to awe – blast us,
given that nobody
cared at all
for so long

He is not ready yet
to understand that
the days run differently

Time, in circles, turns
beyond its axe

The Truth has its real meaning
in certain circumstances

Giving up is a blessing,
as obvious as the Sun’s ray

To Whom It May Taste

there is “rest”,
and we are not able
to give what the water offered
nor have we ever tried to please
sweeter than the date’s flesh or
honey, produced out of
hundreds of visited flowers

the ‘rest” sleeps well and
sucks the blood of the nearest
when the breeze blows the dried
skins and hair dandruff and make
them bald, they look like their age
when the youth sings exuberantly
the song of whom shook
the pillars of heaven,
the gates closed for the last time
to tell them life is there
where they live,
struggling to be

He Has to Realize

On the day he learned
the subtle difference
upon awakening, he recalls
all what he went through,
dreams – he has to realize
that his path is sole trajectory
he ought to go it alone

He threw his sight
like the thrown peach stone
behind his back,
glared deeply on the skin
of her to imprint the marks
of belonging
to enjoy the sweetness

Pallas Athena

. . . and where did you hide for so long,
just now when I reckon you in Aquarius?
Do you have something to say loudly?
I shall keep my ears open
and the mouth shut
the eyes with tripled dioptric to see
all your battles you craftily won
the Art I have conquered for about thirty years
wants to resurrect into
a tangible something un-named so far
to last longer than the ten life spans
of the mere mortals

. . . and I took the arrow
to target the Saturn's ring,
full of ice nuggets and clods

In my remorse,
I shan't change my name

In my happiness,
I shall not evaporate the essence

In my despair,
I shall not dry all tears so
they may fall like dandruff

In my bewilderment,
I shall not lose myriads of worlds,
packed into a lump of DNA

In my awe,
I shall not fear the unknown so

overwhelmingly that it envelops me,
pulsing tightly and sometimes loose

Umami

All those vineyards surrounding
the old city placed in the South
over two millennia old,
all those deaths and births,
funerals and weddings,
houses covered with
stone plates masked under moss
instead of tiles
many cellars, preserving
the wine, brandy, vinegar and honey
goose lard and molasses
all that mourning, all the lamentations,
joys and celebrations
all those sun rays, rains, rainbows
ice, ice-clods, smudges, snows
and the light zephyr and vortexes,
storms, earthquakes and massive
fields of energy like blankets
enwrapping the scenery

the city has more to give;
the breath, the blood, the hope
the truth, the repatriation
the repentance, the rejoice, the spleen,
the gold and rivers of wine
the silver and ponds of milk
the copper and Gabriel's horn
the Cornucopia of tastes
the UMAMI

The Alpha Point

He thought he got back
to the alpha point and
the great reset shall bring
the beginning orders
on the day when the sun-rays said
more than a sermon
held on the last Friday by
a guy who studied
the brainwashing
far from his homeland

there’s truly so much sweetness
in this life one may
only confuse with the bliss
one imagines for far too long

seeing the dying peony, he dropped a few tears
to enliven the plant
to extend its life for a few more weeks at least
that much he could do so far, until he makes his own order

The Food Chain

a fish was caught between two stones
the bird flew from the above, binged
on the flesh, what seemed merciless
the stream of the gurgling river
blew away more food for
the observer and lazy creatures

the last snow melted
Crocus appeared too
it was the long run. I left
behind me so much of memory
and put lemon acids
in my mouth

Mixed Memories

Going through an old newspaper,
I saw so much of the past –
our past that was layered
ever so ardently and became
a heavy load
. . . and through old pictures
and books, furiously, I passed
to see what is of use today
without counting how many hours
I spent and how many breaths it all took
and my eyesight,
reading on the War
only by the enkindled candle
then the magic appeared
green candles were lit
for prosperity, and the white ones
for every wish I could show,
gazing at the old mirror
to see beyond its reflection
to see our future, and I saw
it shall not be bright
nor is it today while
a procession of
                the last souls
parades in an old city
the city older than one
could imagine, the one
that one may comprehend

The Oracle

our Oracle was very simple
the chamomile flower comprised
by its golden heart and
the white petals like her eyelashes

shall it be or shan't . . .?
the love we dreamed of
when we started recording
our words – never hoped
that one day around fifty,
the purest souls
around the world would
find solace in them
words assembled
like lava stones of the rosary
seemed similar yet so different
                from within
words that truly are
like grapes pressed in
a cosmic press to produce
the wine from what headaches
never torment the drunk
so, this is the wine you hold
in a cup of your heart
the memory of which shall
pass on to the Universal
Consciousness

The poetics of the grape
is theurgic.

The Separation

It was a way easier
when we knew not
the separation – the wine was
too sweet
the breeze too light
a fragrance almost faded
all those luminous yet
tranquil hours in utmost
serenity . . . secluded we were
not, nor have we ever
pondered upon the separation
in times when trees were
writing poems on
the sky and the birds up to
the white clouds, teaching
us about meditation

when it happened
as if all quinine of the world
poured into the basin
of my soul. It wounded me
deeply, absorbing me entirely
as had the Black Hole's gravity
released out only the spectrum

it seized me shockingly
so I could later narrate
about it and value more
the sweetness of life

The Abandoned

People, places, times and
memories,
times of harsh lessons
for life is not a vacation
and
the Men are stronger
than stone
more endurable than water
and
firmer than an angel

he asked who left us here
why we hate, where is that miraculous day
that enlightens the soul and leaves a metallic
taste in our mouths

Three Persimmons

After the war,
three persimmons he planted
he wanted to see how
the wind blows away all leaves
and the frost covers the fleshy fruits
. . . and some kind of a frozen blanket
enwraps their hearts,
pulsating the hot lava of love
from within

With the Kite . . .

where is home
we flew above
with the kite and
all those children
running around, those who
stole our cherries
in early spring?

now, we fear crazy machines
with noises that deafen our hearts

where are all those
curly ginger-hair girls
I used to love more
than any broken car toys,
more than swimming
in the pond nearby?

where are those teachers
who used to have their dresses
sewn by a local tailor,
all looking
like conserved sardines
we used to import from Croatia?

where are those breaths
we used to lend to
the butterflies so they
may turn into a silkworm
fed by the mulberry leaves?

where are those dads
who shouted and taught us
courtesy and humbleness,

and those moms who
washed and cleaned our outfits,
fed us with freshly made porridge
before going to school?

some decades after
a plane flew above the plot
of green darnel . . . where was home,
so cozy, so warm and
scented by the pot cooking
the white beans with
mint leaves
and celery

we so miss now
that flying with the kite

A Gold-like Taste

These sounds below
perceptible hertz
that enwrap me daringly
cozy. I feel like a bird
in the nest, covered with
a subtle parka
the food I get from the Sun’s rays,
and the taste of chamomile
flowers, almost gold- metallic,
gives me a strength
to love, lasting longer
than a millennium

The Reunion

On that blue horizon,
I recall a luminous body
floating to overwhelm
creativity
in Theta, none could conclude
the others' stupidity nor has
anyone ever tried to open
those cracks on limbs
where the light enters
through the gates of the wounds

I felt upon a wet grass like
a dried leaf that didn't fall
on the last day of October, and
I saw those who stood firm
like ripe persimmons
by the windblown tree,
bared of all its leaves

The rain started to fall,
moistening my lips, dried by the Sun
and the pulp of my bones
and the medulla
it seemed like a reunion with
the ocean's waters
the same composition

The Capture

There was a green leaf
on top of the black stone
a gushing river nearby took
down to the bottom, and
all those black shadows
that took the souls of innocent
children all of a sudden
a bitterness overwhelmingly
captured like the resin captures
a million years-old insect
to remind us of the calamity
and the Man’s suffering
life is too short for the despairs

They Wanted to Give Death Another Name

orange halogen lights
the pavement, covered by fallen leaves
the world is deaf to the many maladies
isolated, we stay calm
only the city is silent
our walk releases gallop-like sounds
the world is numb to the many tasteless food
it offers to children

they write, when nobody cares for
the wounds and they celebrate solitude
when the world turned merciless,
they wanted to give another name to death

My Luminous Forest

They built the temple –
the masters of soul's secrets
for the Princess of
incomparable beauty

Thou Art is objective,
to be lived,
to be experienced
When time freezes and
becomes timelessness,
just sit with that gorgeous
building in the front
nothing else to do – just sit!
you shall see how serenity
brings a soothing to the heart
and leaves a strange taste
in your mouth

Do you happen to experience the forest?
Did you ever hear
the hissing of the snakes,
the chirping voices of the birds,
eat wild strawberries,
see the cloud upon your
head, formed by the mistletoe,
hear the cracking of dried bows,
covered with the decayed
leaves beneath your feet,
collect the spider's nets
in a tiny glass-jar,
see the rabbit nests
under the bushes and
how ivy covered the trunks
of the tall trees?

Before you dwell in the sea
of your DMT and meet
your neon color white queen
as luminous as a midday
sun-ray of July,
listen!
Listen to what they have to say,
the masters of the heart
who became known centuries after
their disciples unveiled their names

The best poetry is written
by the birds flying in the sky.

All Those Bees

the work that produced
a sweet essence
all those sweat-drops fell
from the forehead
the time it all took to sweeten
the bitter days of Man
sleepless nights
long days, the all-burning heat
fasting and the adoration of Man
all wheat grains counted
all gold chunks and clogs
raindrops and snowflakes
the lucid and the perplexed
all assembled, were called upon
to give sermons and orations
all libraries
burned into ashes turned
all forty seconds due to death
erased – a grand reset
the preparation for another augmentation

Augmentation

they stretched their wings
beneath which tiny bells rang
the smell of ozone evaporated and
the crystalline echoes shuddered my skin

the day was long, longer than any . . .

the night was long and dark as ink

the hours were counted by the appearance of dandelions

the days were counted by eggs every morning

I saw the sky showing the entire Avesta* page by page

I took the dew with my tongue from the last green leaf of
the Amaryllis

the Maelstrom twisted me entirely
and projected me in her dream

* Zoroastrian holy book

I Still Remember . . .

My heart sings,
although my voice fails
for ever more on this day
yet I still remember
our first Valentine . . .
you wore a necklace of shells
from the Indian Ocean and
the tiara I made with
the flowers of the yellow Crocus
from our hills

Today, I paved you a path with
rose petals
so you may easily follow
your way to my heart
until I extinguish
for eternity and a day more

I am now overwhelmed entirely
by the radiance of your love
that smells just like the magical fragrance
of the honeysuckle

I still remember you saying
while I held you in my embrace:
“I kiss you and seal your existence.
You kiss me, and I melt in God’s Essence.”

How They All Vanished

all my prayers were
delivered accordingly
Sandalphon* heard my voice
that shook the heaven's pillars
no, I am not an orphan but
a breath pulsates parallel
to the Universe and it
dissolves in its Consciousness

by the time I saw the vision
of Cornucopia and heard that
loud pain, when the gate opened,
all wishes disappeared
to be bound to the sapling,
nurtured by the waters of the Divine
with fruits as formless as emptiness
that tastes like the complexity of life

* Archangel in Jewish lore, an assembler of prayers and deliverer to the God

Is It a Home?

she got back home
home she got back to find
a separated table and
split food and drinks

the heart became foreign
when the home separated
the dining tables

people became strangers
when the wine was served
from a distance

alien did feel also the room
she used to decorate
with fluorescent stars
and comets

holidays became a rarity
as if everyone forgot to rejoice
the air was different
no smell of geranium leaves
and the cherries lost their taste
on that late spring

this is a home with shortened days
even the water became expensive
this is a home with all frozen memories
even the breath became a number
to be counted

Nine Months of Nightmare

Nine months prior to dropped bombs,
I saw blood leaking down
the hill out of the roots of bushes
on the path I used to walk
some decades ago.

Nine months prior to dropped bombs,
I saw a family all in blood
scattered all over, and the baby
with the broken skull,
by the side of a piece of grenade.

Nine months prior to dropped bombs,
I saw a foreign army parading
in the city forgotten by “All”

and the flow of blood washed away all of its sins

So Divine!

. . . so much sweetness you brought
                into my life
two angels too, making for me
a shelter while I quest for the Divine
the reason for my existence
my purpose
my augmentation
as Umami as honey
as curative as Shilajit*

*A sticky substance found primarily in the rocks of the Himalayas

Encapsulated in the Echo of the Rainbow-color Shell

I have seen
how it all spins in me
like Torus, while
the turmoil of the sea,
the rustling of the waves
took my sonor-ic memories,
and the evaporating iodine
filled my lungs that are full of nicotine

The breeze took away
so much of my tears,
dried them as nacre, and
to my eyelashes,
palm leaves sprinkled talcum

Shade-less I became
like everyone in love

Weightless I am now,
floating between “Then” and
“Tomorrow”

In my “Here-Now”, I dwell,
sailing with all those in love
who never count minutes,
for time has
no meaning at all

Spinning

All those who still remember
the sourness of cherries
and the sour-sweetness of apricots,
they ought to know what was life for,
why life was lived for
the millennials who glare
on the screen and wait for
the enlightenment,
and
all those who still remember
the overpowering fragrances
of acacia and elderberry,
they understand what love was for,
why there is love for eternity,
and
a few days afterwards,
the days of life that turned
like a carousel in a city park
                every summer,
in that frenzy, when the wind
blew our hair –
even mine –
hers, curly, enflamed
with a wasp zooming in,
playing thus till the dusk,
the summer's late dusk
followed by the parent's scolding

The Way of Return

On the path that splits
two Illyrian Tombs,
I walk to approach
already ripened blackberries
and paint my tongue and lips
as I want to write with
that ink upon the canvas
of the sunny, ozone-full air
so the butterflies can read and
learn the way of metamorphosis
and the swallows, the way
of return

Particles of Consciousness

all those bitter morsels,
I swallowed in due time, and
all those coarse lumps of despair,
I could now swallow
I collected them in due time
. . . and all those long hours
none could ever count
like the tiny lights
on the starry sky
dispersed throughout
I as a particle of consciousness,
floating carefully all around

The truth has been told.
Silence is its seal.

Under the Shade of the White Hom

Ten thousand plants
From the heaven have been
Sent down and bestowed
To Thrita – The first healer
He used to heal all by
His word
By his granted plants
By his knife with the golden
Point and the golden base
Yet Thrita could not find
The cure for my malady –
I was in love, and for
Over thousands of years,
I shall be so

Under the shade of the White Hom*,
the king of all healing plants,
a Zephyr blew my even hair,
and the old man from the Arctic
awakened to teach his disciple
in order to teach me
the Master gave him a lump of
pressed dates and grapes
so I could taste the sweetness
of L O V E,
the sweetness of life
the life that has to be lived
in another eon
as a lesson that leads to no despair
the one that once swallowed
the bitterness of separation
knows of the sweetness of the reunion,
the one that once sat
under the shade of the White Hom

is cured forever and a day
more – silently, on the waves
of the Grand Ocean

*Zarathustrian king of all healing plants sent from heaven to Ahura Mazda to Thita or Threatoana, the first healer

The Old Sarv

when you fly over
and
land to rest,
go to Abarukh in Yazd
tie the red ribbon on the twig
of Sarv* – the old tree,
planted by Japhet,
the son of Noah

let the token of my love
breathe the smell of the old cypress
let its fragrance give sermon
for the love I could not fulfill
let it be only once
a reunion of our souls

*The Zoroastrian Sarv in Iran or Cypress of Abarukh is estimated to be 4000 years old, located in Central Iran, in the Yazd Province near the city of Abarukh. Legend says that Japhet, the Son of Noah planted the tree.

Fruits of the White Hom

The serenity that unfolds
folding me, enveloping
my being like a cozy parka
on the day that lasts
a myriad of Man's years
a walk only – only encroaching
                the emerald
knoll beneath the neon white
color shade of the White Hom,
with twigs as heavy as ripe, golden
cobs of wheat,
and
the taste foams in my mouth
into flesh, blood turns
ever so silently
ever so creatively

thus, I paint for you,
onto your very being
the image of the great return

Bittersweet Berries

For long, I have constrained
myself to treat
sweetness as goodness
and the bitterness as a threat

Man has a tendency
to raise or fall
to keep a balance
is somewhat difficult
those old narratives
we swallowed like
bittersweet berries,
all dark, hardly visible,
hidden among the leaves
in shrubs and bushes,
now are the part
of a changing body
that bears our souls,
and
all those blind ones
who think that nails
remain . . . the nails are futile

The Codes of Despair

I happen to realize that
our core is a gonad and
our membrane is a brain
our particles form for us
a tapestry
of information
the other cryptograms are like
codes of despair

Pity the sweetness that
does not please the palace
and soothe the heart

Pity the sourness that
does not thrill the being
and refresh the overloaded
emotions, full of data
                from the past

Pine Cones

He pulled up his T-Shirt
to fill it with pine cones
for they resemble his hypothalamus

What a reflection, he thought,
he believed he discovered
his own mirror on the other side

. . . and the resin of the old pine
he collected in jars
and
the tiny porcelain pots
for the potions and hexes,
cast for copulations only

The sunlight spoke
on the lemon zest,
and
the leaked honey from
the honeycomb of
hiveless bees

Iris

This is my iris
only mine, surrounded
by dancing Calla Lilies
for the blood-washed world,
shining on the other divine
                side of the Earth
This is my iris,
in these days, overly protected
by Jupiter in Pisces,
careless of all those who
cast a Fool Tarot Card
beneath its shade
while it stood aloof
and
the sun was yellowing its heart
and
the oxygen took that fragrance
like the wind takes the leaves
of birch in November

Chlorophyll

Soaked in honey,
the green earthlike fleshy leaves,
as succulent as aloe
the house-leek, she collected
with all the morning dews
as if all green came
from the green particle
of the spectrum, from the sunrays
I collected
for a holographic
work of art,
contracted to speak to the vigilant
to raise a proper question

Why does the green trigger such hatred?
Why does the human dwell in black & red?

A Quantum Taste

She pulled up her dress,
the foot touching the water membrane
the thrill flows from the foot
                to the top of the head
goose bombs on the skin all over
a grape berry in her mouth,
foaming burgundy drops
leaking on her jaw
tasteful, indeed, the wine-to-be
as if all that was tasted disappeared
only for this moment
of a quantum reality I dwell in, and
time lost its meaning

What Bitterness!

When I speak to myself
and find it hard to catch a listener,
all my inner bitterness assembles
in my mouth
it becomes more bitter
                than the woodworm
more dangerous than the Absinth
that poisons every limb
and every cell
as if all hexes are concentrated
to the one spot of
the micro universe
the body we all carry through
the lifespan of the mere mortal

What is here to mourn and lament?

What is here to pity?

Why all this bitterness
that prevails like the black
mass of the Universe?

The Smell of Drying Blood

If only we could all count
the days of despair,
they should last longer than
any calamity or war
with endless suffering and
the smell of drying blood
when it passes through
the nose and the lungs
for life offers tastes out of
the blue sky, too, and the storms
and lightnings above a mountain top
for the one who seeks refuge
opposite to the huge tree
in a cave, wanting to settle
down the weather’s fuzz

Landing

Landing . . .
Loading slowly upon
The turquoise field
Sliding like tectonic plates
That preserved some millennia
Of memories and lives
Later – a fossilized marking,
The blueprint for us
Indifferent creatures,
Unable to see neither the beauty
Nor the potency of the past lives

Two cherries, pressed by
Stone plates,
The kernels full of cyanide
As scary as the eyes
Of nightmares' dark devils
Fear overwhelms, leaves
The entire bitterness
Of the quinine,
Envelops the tongue with
The bitter membrane of awe

That was life, too,
Given that in a gentle mortification
With the petals of the white rose,
And tears picked up all
The colors of the rainbow

Telling the Silence . . .

Some people we used to call
poets, have lost
the magic of telling the silence . . .
we all have been fed up by
their tasteless description
of every life – so profane,
so parochial, so urban

Emptiness struggled to be filled
with the words as if none
can vomit the scribbling
of the past ages

Indeed, we do sometimes hate
what is to be hated,
like prize-distributors
and
all those when we shall remember
only by their prizes
they blew away
we all know
the question upon us:
“What trends do you follow?”
we reply:
“We do not follow any.
We try to create one,
one that one can follow.”

Thus, triggering the refusal
that named us: “THE ARROGANTS”,
“THE LUNTATIC”,
“THE INCOGNITO”
as the last stage
there

where we want to dwell
for a few centuries more

I Am More Than an Electron

Melting like a wax mountain,
a sea like jelly – thick, bubbling
a rainbow hidden in the clouds
red roses on the left
white roses on the right,
thirteen petals each
after the first bud appeared

He learned letters
he learned numbers, too
the names of animals
names of plants, too
names of stones
names of waters
all sorts of waters, too,
and the tastes of all sorts
and the complexity of the tastes
until the essence of deliciousness

He was a man
alone on the blue shore,
all turquoise and Lapis Lazuli
he took the sapphire and
read the letters
inscribed by Raziel

He took the pen quill of a nun
to write his knowing
upon the human skin
he took my soul
I blew him away
so, upon my return
a rainbow shall appear
yet I'm more than an electron

Layers

Among layers upon layers
of golden sheets of memories set,
I found a difference between
information, knowledge, knowing,
wisdom and revelation.

While it all tastes confusing,
the cloud of consciousness above
the top of my head
hides the seven colours of the rainbow and
the Vantablack, hidden deep
under the abyss of the surface,
it all brought a chill and thrill
while UMAMI enveloped
my tongue, unable to utter
a word of love

The White Flame

all those years, this primordial flame . . .
all those invisible burns
bruises and blisters,
waiting to turn yellow
like the old Cypress of Abarukh
I stand winded by winds

all sorts of colors and heat,
harsh rains and potent flashes
                hit mercilessly
they even chopped
my boughs and twigs

yet this white flame of mine
eased the pain of all those in sorrow
all those in despair
all those who got enkindled
by the blue flame of Love
by the green flame of the Divine
by the red flame of Passion

when you open the letter
I left under your pillow
and
read only the letters
for the curved world

all those words that shine
and blind your vision . . .
remember to
spell the code of existence
letter by letter writing LOVE
remember, too,

the harsh winters and
the hell-heat of the Balkans
confusing the summers

let your teardrop drip
and fall upon each letter
to fertilize it
to resurrect,
to enliven this entity
that lost its way
in the Universe,
and fell upon my heart
to emanate this
white flame

Your heart is my Star-Gate.
The Universe is only a Next-Door.

The Home We All Miss

Let’s get back to earth
let’s get back once more
to see how Man’s affairs
are settled tastelessly
to search the color of the tear
smell the morning sweat on the pillow
and listen to the hissing of the Jinni
residing in the walls of the bathroom
surveilling the naked bodies
upon every shower

Looking down from the ninth floor
after hearing the siren
(The car hit a boy)
in that wonder you didn’t know
if he’ll survive or
if he’ll ever walk to school
or ski during the winter holidays

City, orange halogens lit, its shine
merged with the crimson sky
in that dusk, somebody,
an unknown brought
a basket full of Ginkgo fruits
from the city park,
leaving it
on the threshold of the building
they used to call home

But listen

Home is when the smell of food

fills evenly the shapeless empty space
of the house, and the remnants
of the grandmother are layered
between knitted scarves in the cupboard

Home is where the cry of a child
shakes the walls of the house and
home is one big heart split
into pieces like a ripe pomegranate

The Taste of Bliss

The cure of my heart
lays on the abode of existence
in the sparkling eyes of yours
from the time immemorial
when the oath was given and
you walked with the twin cherries
hanged on both of your ears and
your hair radiating
the fragrant air of creativity

Sweet was the moment of bliss
sweeter than the dates of Arabia

How could I explain to the child
the union of the bodies,
made of the Earth and the Ocean?

How could I?

My Star-Gate

For far too long,
I have been searching for
the ALL
yet the ALL was
the Universe
nearby – the one that
reflected itself upon
my heart

When I fell in love,
time stopped
                the last current
the cycle broke its chain

I gazed into her heart
I found my first
and
the last
Star-Gate

Some Fractals

A red heart, I keep for passion
A blue heart for love
A green heart for the Divine
The aquamarine one, for all the
Mysteries of the Universe

I

As if all the redness of time
Merged in my heart,
As fragile as a pomegranate seed

I took a cherry to my lips,
ate its blood-red flesh and
kept the kernel full of cyanides
under the tongue, along with the
mirror number 11:11 written on
a tiny piece of paper,
rolled to attract her
into the abyss of passion
while I talked more fluently
than Moses in front of the Pharaoh

The voice released was akin to
the one that invites the queen bee
to the linden blooms
in early June,
an erotic, a seductive call to a reunion

II

. . . then the blue heart turned
Transparent, it faded while
laminating the blue flame of love
it ran out all potency of the youth vigor
that never searched for the prophet,
aware that none can teach love
no Master
no Adept
no Avatar
Love is there
here and now,
filling the shapeless space of emptiness

III

The green heart manifested
on the day when the birth
of the child with the seal
on the back of his skull
laminated
the colorless shine and
it left the taste of bergamot
in our mouths
while the patchouli scent
filled our chests

A rippling river beneath
the waters of which
chunks of turquoise
with
gold-filled cracks and
sapphire were sparkling,
depleting the eyes

of the mere travelers,
the time-travelers

That was a day
that was longer
than any
to find me again, unprepared
for love – melted in
the green potency
of Divine Love

IV

When the void showed up . . .
the first vortex,
all of a sudden
appeared. I saw all forms
and
manifestations.
I couldn’t name them.
All I could do was to order to give
them existence,
the existence of my mysteries
to reveal all mysteries
of the heart of the Universe,
the butterfly
that revealed the secret

Clogs of Heat

The anger, calmed following awareness,
left behind a strange taste, and an order
inexplicable to many, peculiar,
removed all the icy blankets
between us
while clogs of heat
floated over our heads,
warmed up the memory
of the grandparents –
one died before
long before the other

The barbecue master in the capitol
saw my tears and asked me why.
I told him: this is her last wish,
a lamb's kidneys (she only smelled them
after I brought them to her)
he didn't want to charge me
I was a student then

She died.
The grandmother was a healer.
I was recovering from the last attack
by the Terrans.
All thought they were creatures,
invisible creatures.

I got my fingers burned
with the hot potatoes
baked under the soil
under the full moon, we stood
one could only hear the silence
sizzle on the flame and

the chirping voices of grasshoppers
It was like no other July before.
Love only manifested itself and had
nothing to say.
We did not utter a single word.

The Noise

From home to Maribor
took 20 hours by train
in the next car,
a group of youngsters from Germany
travelling throughout the Balkans . . .
one was reading an astrology book
the rest were singing “The Wall”
by Pink Floyd

I took a black velvet sachet
and cast runes
on that noisy atmosphere
passing through Varazdin in Croatia,
my co-traveler threw out
the train’s window
the chicken his mother
had prepared for the road,
covered with aluminum folio

All that noise was draining me,
triggering an anger, deep
from within

For Long . . .

Like the olive under the press,
I have been crushed for long

All constellations circled for ages while
Jupiter protected his progeny

My left eye, as dark as pointe noire,
reflected all what the world of beyond
had kept hidden for long . . .

My central eye, deep in the brain,
kept developing for long . . .

The muslin of time unfurled
the grand design it kept
folded for long . . .

The torso of consciousness
is visible, showing its muscles,
being built for long . . .

I have been collecting, like the pearls
assembled on a silken
thread for the rosary, all saddened hearts
for long . . .

I have also been collecting all smiles & laughs
that stiffened the stomach
and observed for long . . .

Like the Pulsar, I have been absorbing
all that I've collected for long . . .

The taste left by bliss
is still inexplicable

Next time you encounter a poet,
tell him that the best poem
is written by the birds in the sky,
flying high beyond the white clouds

Tell him to close his eyes
and listen to the gushing river,
or catch the snowflake with his tongue
during the cold days of winter

Tell him that emptiness
is a formless name
that gives
it its existence

Tell him that silence
has been honing the hearing,
just like love
increases the knowing
for far too long . . .

Sooner or Later

Those black tulips in her garden . . .
I remember my bachelor days,
Fear-mongering flowers, an omen
for those who cut them off, saying:
a calamity shall fall upon!
the fall of dandruffs and the hair
turning grey
out of his life's seasons
the burns healed with the barks
of the elderberry, cooked
partly in canola oil, and in fish oil
for better epithelialization . . .

. . . for all the scars in the heart
the honey aged in a stalactite cave
with ginger powder, lemon zest,
ground nutmeg and
mixed in a few drops of bergamot oil

All these slides of memory
merged with the image
of swans enjoying the pond
life is too short for real
when you chew dried apricots
on the way back to earth,
back to the soil that holds birth
to a prodigy
I see . . .
I am more than I could become
sooner or later,
my skull shall bear witness

The Yeast of Happiness

Some items and germs
brought from the dream
early in the morning when
the dew rolls down the leaf,
cleaning its nerve net and
takes the shine of the Sun,
bestowing it upon the soil

Here, the yeast of happiness
germinates a dormant
                seed of love
from another eon

The Shine

the shine from within
was progressively burning all the wealth
around continuously

the shine that makes
everything priceless,
just like water
in the memory of which
are the sets of slides of the past

do you remember a hush
and inexplicable whispers
and the fallen hair strands
on the pillow
after such a despair
that left a bad taste
in your mouth?

on the days of June when
the first smell of the linden flowers,
intertwined with a light breeze
it was as if all worlds known, semi-known
and unknown were collapsing
as if all souls gathered for
repentance and feared
another incarnation
as if a star-to-become
centered its gravity, and
you cannot discern . . . is it
a new star or a black hole
which would swallow all
dreams and hopes
just like desperation

the curses of the new era
have only a different vocabulary

the melancholy that weakens
all limbs and the sorrow
that drains the blood pushed
by the bile are curable
by love because with love,
the silver turns gold

the peel of the pomegranate cracks
to show its ruby seeds

the womb becomes a palanquin
that holds an extra soul,
bringing it from eternity
to the Here-Now

It Shan’t Be Easy

Facing the cup of the oolong tea,
I saw the reflection of
a stranger I had become to myself

I realized why the mood changed so rapidly
and the people responded in awe

It was a mirage of someone
I have to meet in the near future

Perhaps with the taste of mug wort and
its neutralizing aroma of the iris flower

It shan’t be easy to meet a man of the future
yet the myriads-of years-old one who passed all cycles
of time is living his last incarnation

I Pity the Green Twigs

In my late thirties,
I met a friend to become
the one who will fill other 20 empty
years, all shrouded by despair

They've lied to me as
they said: after you get married,
you can never find a friend,
a real friend

Indeed, he was not a mere friend
he was my becoming – a dreaming self
until his sudden death
Covid, like a flame on dry wood,
burns green twigs, too

What is sleep but to dream and
fulfill worldly desires?

The Shoe Box

We never knew
who left the shoe box
without its lid. In it, a few
tickets for the circus
some rolls of old paper
with some messages
as strange as a puzzle

I opened the door
early in the morning
before the rooster crawled
into the neighborhood and
the city cleaning service
began to wash the asphalt
as it did, usually, three times a week
with water
and caustic soda

I took the box and started to
wonder, why all these;
why our names aren't written
on the box, or
why there is no address label

to whom shall we complain?
to whom shall we be grateful?
to whom shall we tell about the gift?
to whom was the gift dedicated?

when the doorbell rang,
I opened the door and saw

a beam of light
brighter than the Sun,
and I fainted . . .

In the Forest

walking on a sunny day
on the road leading to the forest,
cooling the lungs with fresh air
under the dark shades from both sides,
an old cabriolet deep in that path
full of items as if the seller went to
piss somewhere nearby . . . I saw perfumes,
pens, watches, tarot decks (all sorts),
lumps of resin in plastic bags,
velvet quilts of different sizes and
clepsydras with sand of different colors inside
glass, chunks of silver and gold mints
without any recognizable marks

an echo-like wind blew away
all that image
a deer, wounded by an arrow,
was seeking rescue from
the crazy hunter I later
realized to bear the same name
as I who was not alone

A Vision
(So Dark)

The Earth shook a few times
bombs were detonating
in the cities around

On the street behind my home,
someone brought a person, injured by a grenade,
blood all over
I had seen this some months in advance,
mine was a vision of a disaster

A man called an ambulance
an infant was dying
in his corner
the boy was not his child,
his savior-to-be

The paramilitary forces
were marching freely
we dared not to offer any help
to the dying boy

They killed the man too

Forgotten Dreams

I don’t remember when the last
afternoon nap was
and the dream; was it colorless or
was that what I had left in my memory? I observed
people in a city, the ones we call
“The headless chicken” after they
elected a mayor

Who was eating and singing there?
Lord gives us a daily bread for
the remote village he came from
this headless chicken again isolated itself
yet they thought their city is the axis of
the world and the sun, the moon and the stars
circumambulate there for their sake

I saw a chicken betrayed by a rooster
he didn’t feed them all and
the one who took the corn grain
thought she is the luckiest
among the rest

I was the rooster who was so lazy
missed all mornings, while
every night, I was plotting against
his next of kin

I don’t remember a man
who stole a child for the foreign couple
that wanted to pay for their happiness

I saw the couple who

adopted a child and ruined
the entire neighborhood
with screams coming from their house
as if they were from hell

I saw the adopted child
who matured and became a man
who’ll never remember any dream
about his last life on Earth

I Love Blue

The emerald liquid plateaus
became alive when I put
my right foot in those waters of purity

The soil beneath was so cold
the geometry of the turquoise and gold-filled cracks
of it was as icy as Menthol

I carried the message on
the left earring and the map
to the un-named land
on the skin above my heart
covered by chest hair to dispel
the enemies of all sorts

When the Neptune took the throne
and the Age of the Aquarius unfurled its Devoré,
all of a sudden, I realized
why I was so intoxicated with
blue,
why turquoise, emerald flames, liquids, pigments,
accoutrements, un-ripe fruits, even the smells of green
and oceanic scents were uplifting me in
hot summer days. People were laughing,
poets and humans alike
only the painter took a brush
and painted my soul
so old
as old as granite rocks
as old as ocean’s waters
as old as ants, captured
in an amber chunk and thrown
to the shore of the Baltic Sea

to prove a different kind of existence
to testify a life full of zest
to show how by love
creativity came out
of the plethora of a dense energy

I love blue

Who gives a damn
about gloomy souls?

Dormant Incarnations

those old ladies who spoke
the language of pigeons
all white haired, their dresses
chanting in the oracle

I could perceive the scent of origin;
the resin leaking from stones
old waters, flowing and burning
frankincense. Streams running under the soil
like lymphs in the body
were cooling the flames
                of exhaustion

one could only glare and see in
awe the surprise, larger
than his body creating
                his shadow
within a shadow

I approached the smile,
a glowing face – the lady, full of life's zest,
spoke to me as if I was a crane
the pelican in me spoke in a hollow voice
on self-sacrifice and
some 10,000 hours of sleeplessness
to train myself to become a man
in the third decade of my manhood

she saluted me with a glowing farewell
I awoke dormant incarnations

The Peace Treaty

I saw Ramses II too, for
he was a glorious man and I,
a mere mortal, who navigated
among letters and numbers

Nine . . .
as if this number was a seal
of glory. Nine more Ramseses
afterwards could not blur the
tour that gleamed splendor. Nor
could a Babylonian king
trigger you to war, and all
intrigue was an issue of the past

One day, a Hittite king asked
to extradite his nephew
who found refuge in your kingdom.
Your grandeur did not
allow him to enter a war; so, you
instructed him to endorse
a Peace Treaty – the first ever
humankind happens to see
although a terrible toothache
and other ailments tormented you
the Sun rays of Ra shone upon
Egypt so potently after over 1000 years,
so intensely on the kingdom, shining
like sparkling gold

Oligophrenic

All those barrels of passion
a man could store inside
deep in the abyss of his
consciousness . . . so dark and gloomy,
his face showed no spark
of hope. A battle of proteins
a scientist could explain.

Mists of memory and the aura
of emotions are visible above
his head. “These are difficult times
to be a human”, could
be read on his forehead, and those
words echo as if they are coming
from the emptiness of canyons
the dwellings of Jinni colonies
that settled some millennia ago.

Where is the exorcist with
the wand made of hazelwood
and the hexes from the Asemic Cosmos?

Where is the shaman to wash
himself with the blood of all-black
rooster that never sang to awake
the devoted for the morning prayer?

Where is the doctor who injects
his whims in ampoules with
transparent liquids?

I am now observing gents

among men and ladies
among women to realize
the Oligophrenic that I am.

To Stay or . . .?

petroleum-scented zephyr
the Sun hides behind the mountain
it is as if death binds your legs
the blood drops patterns of the Libra
on my cotton white tunic
to stay in a dream or
to dwell in here, leaving
the taste of Absinth
in my mouth

For Another Human Race

A huge blast shook the Earth so violently
that cracks and erosions occurred. I could see
the roots of high trees
and bodies of men on the sidewalks,
like empty perfume vials – all so diverse.

A cloud of dust, mist
and vapor enveloped us,
we were so scared while
we struggled to survive

Pity the Earth-mates who fought in vain
for their nation that ceased to exist
some ages ago. The fresh cadavers, however,
mixed with the taste of death, prevailed as a whole

No one could hope for
a cup of last year's wine,
cinnamon sticks, ground nutmeg
and cloves on the bottom. We would only pattern
the blue tears on our skins
the crystalline echoes of falling hair
the nail cuttings, collected in a handkerchief and
the people buried in the doorways
for another season
for another
human race

For Far Too Long

The death of the artist wasn’t
a headline. The book of a starlet
took all the attention. The masses,
largely infected, refused to immunize
the genius who spoke after three
decades of hardship. The billionaire
took all the praise. They both died
around the same age.

The billionaire took a curse.
The genius took remembrance.
We wanted to paint the truth.
It didn’t fade in all its colors.
Tears mixed with smiles.
Despair had been reigning for far too long.

The Bee Tamer

Following each flock of 1500 bees
early in the morning
and all those bee informants
who came back from the field,
he thought of a man from afar
who used to speak wordlessly,
just like a confused poet,
in this world full of puzzles, images
sounds and rebus

He wanted to understand where
the difference stands between
the bee keeper
and
the bee tamer

The bee keeper had the hives
The bee tamer had the field
he spoke to the bees and heard their
stories which were stranger
than those about Man’s life,
folded in a quantum field
with several layers of consciousness

The Great Alignment

When the great alignment
occurs, Sirius shines above
The Su and Leo strengthen
their claws and glow

I stand on top of my great
pyramid on August the 8th
when abundance overwhelms and
the portal of bliss wraps
the entire visible sky

On the Shore

The sea rose, the wind
brought waves, salt, an iodine smell,
seashells and kelp
from the iridescent Laguna

The taste of the seawater recalled
a repetitive pre-birth dream
which became a vision where blue whales
ejected a slew of ambergris in lumps and blocks,
and a rosary on my neck, made of Baltic amber,
was changing its color

Rosemary, oleander, pines – all
spread their essences
to heal all the layers of deep wounds
and the spilled blood, while they
furiously drew a map of disbelief

The Best Poem

We have seen the birds flying above,
our heads marking the letter “V”
and we realized later in a dream
that the best poem is written by them
upon the sky, and we remained
silent for far too long

What is sleep for but to fulfill
worldly desires and
to avoid the madness?

Explaining the Silence

Between two pillows,
a head of a boy fell in a deep
sleep – something torn shall
fall upon his body, a blanket

The body squeezed by
the tremendous pressure,
the sonor-ic one, to deafen
his ears while he was asleep

In a lofty space here and there,
dreams have no weight;
timelessness has its episode
of manifestation, for no other
than he shall explain the silence

Just Another Nightmare

From a distance, I hear
the sound of a clarinet.
It is telling me, the wedding of
a youth is today – a rarity.
Chapters of lives are opening
many deaths all over due
to a modern plague – some
say, it is fabricated in a lab,
but that doesn't change
anything if the death is so
prevailing and
criminals break away
to become billionaires. Do we dream
or is this just a nightmare?

That Day

It was a blue frog
that jumped in front of me,
and the splash of the water –
sparkling as green as emerald,
scared the young lad almost out of his skin
he had eyes
                of a senile

A shaman lady from Mexico
foretold my tenth life
in that binary code I dwell
for the last life on the Earth
so many smells and tastes
I must be the only one confused,
a human unaware of the pandemic
I used to live secluded,
long before the semi-creature
took so many lives of Man,
and Man never turned their
glance back to the arrow
with their vision, the skin
of the beautiful world,
as if I patterned the symbol
of love on the forehead
of my beloved

What Is Holy About Stupidity that Is Deadly Serious?

How many times in your life
have you seen a cat on a roof,
balancing the past lives just like
I used to moonwalk at the age of seven
when my Mom was an agile guardian?

The somnambulist who still can't find
rest in this restless world
. . . and when the rooster crowed early
for all those who couldn't wake up
for the morning prayer, they were confused
by the hybrid creatures we used to
call "a holy man". Holly shit! What
is holy in stupidity that is deadly serious,
when one can't reciprocate the smile of a child,
cannot smile when life offers
its splendor, and cannot bow
to the magnanimity of existence?

All those beautiful days I see
in dreams . . . for the dreaming
                is not a rest
but an endeavor to fulfill all
dormant desires

I Could Hardly Find . . .

a yellow & black body
I see, the wasp landed on the petal of an iris,
with a scent none can compete

soaking its nectar and humming
that noise annoyed me

I simply could not bargain
with that insect – precious to the planet,
nasty little killers
Man, or Human, you choose
the proper word, for, in the world I dwell,
I could hardly find goodness

The Tune of Confusion

The old clarinetist, with
the instrument he inherited,
moved all his limbs and
his entire being,
floating on the wings
of the happy tune.

It is not a Balkan wedding,
nor a celebration of birth.
This is only a day when
the poet exits his circular orbit
and
releases the rainbow on its move
from one circle to another.
As if a wise man in
a Techno World ascended to Earth,
solving all enigmas.

Grains of grapes are tasteful going
through the press, a sweet Syrah,
rose and all other earthly delights
streaming down the throat
to thrill upon excitement or
to heal all past wounds
caused by our next of kin.

Tormenting the Poet

There was a beast,
small and dangerous,
threatening all in its vicinity.

I could only grab it
by its neck and slashed
its face until it got unrecognizable.
Yet it didn’t die – such a tiny
creature, indestructible?

No, it wasn’t a tardigrade,
it looked like a very small
mongoose but we do not have
these kinds of animals here.
A full bladder woke me up.
I feared to sleep out of my
presumption
that the nightmare will
continue to torment.

Such a delicate soul!
Am I the only one that hides?
Its evil is awake.

Am I the only one that is too
scared to say what others
are doing so openly?

Am I the only one who never ponders
upon the place beyond
the white clouds or sees
the black hidden side of the moon?

A Place of Nothingness

At the gathering, they were waiting
I came in a hurry and saw
the priest sitting in a place
where folks dress off their shoes

I grabbed his hand and
pushed him in –
he was astounded

I woke up from my lethargy
where I sat for a while
and thinking of nothing
as if nothing is more than
a notion
as it is a No-Place
where none can dwell
apart from myself
it is nothingness
and I give it to none

The Ampoule of Quinine

Cooling my feet in
an icy cold river as clear
as tears of happiness,
some blocks of gold I could
see and the spawns of frogs
about to become food
for tiny beasts of
liquid fluids of the Earth

The vast blueness overwhelmed
the entire horizon and
the sonor-ic breeze was
echoing crystalline sounds
as an omen for the
upcoming abundance
two spaceships landed
                gently
bearing the cargo
of sensitive elements
they ascended gently, too,
toward the place very high
in the crimson sky
that played a celestial
inter-changing opera of
a theurgic work
of an anonymous
artist who knew nothing but a despair
but to the terrestrial, he was well-covered
                media-wise

There was drama I was experiencing
for a quantum of a moment

when I was searching for
a drop of mercy
after I had lost my belief
in all the gods of my ancestors

Time and time again,
the emptiness was filled with
a plethora of superstitions,
waiting for the moment when
it’ll burst like a glass
ampoule full of quinine
and
contaminate the entire
Universe of mine

What’s Left to Be Mended?

Images of a green sky
of the North. Some falling
stars I greedily wanted
at least one to be mine

All those who laughed upon
a dream failed
to comprehend life in its fullest

All those who ridiculed an idealist
became patrons of their own egoism

What is a word good for, unless it has something better
to say than the silence?

What is a dream for but
to offer more colorful experiences
than life itself?

The ancients always knew
that nature has no ailments

Now we realize our failure
to mend it. What’s left to be mended
out of such a great harmony?
What is left to be broken?

. . . Like in a Nightmare

Do I hear the silence,
or do my ears echo the sounds
from the shores where
no urban shoe has ever
left a print on
their moist soil?

I see the abandoned monastery,
the place that baptized the killers,
and the killers still wander
throughout Europe that
once killed many Jews in Spain
and Auschwitz,
and Albanians subsequently, diligently!

. . . and we witnessed how this same Europe
appointed a Neo-Nazi,
a self- hating Austrian who
saluted and sadistically enjoyed
the Srebrenica Genocide

The disputes we had not. Full stop!

Tolstoy is far better than Milton
Vivekananda is far better than Emerson
Hokusai is far better than Paul Klee
Lao Tzu is far better than Cicero

One could go to the moon and back
to be disgusted by the hatred
Man still possesses

Microsomia

Traces of a recent bloodshed
painted the white poppies
the crimson pillar I approached
stands still, swirling,
opening holes on the soil

This un-tastefulness, one can’t describe
sometimes a metallic taste of hemoglobin
like when you lose a tooth
for the first time . . . is all
what I can say. I am bewildered after
seeing so much devastation

Sometimes, a smell of ambergris
from the ocean’s benthos,
floating – mixed with phytoplankton
and the sea’s foam – gives all the reasons
for vanity and life’s purpose altogether,
for one could only sip one’s soul
into a pleroma of fractals and
realize nothing but his state of
microsomia and infinitesimal-ness

When You Have
Something Important to Say, Hush!

For over thirty years,
I've been saying: "We lack
terrestrial vocabulary
for the celestial quest", and all but
the lips of wisdom that opened
to the ears of understanding
have kissed the meager shiny spots
on the forehead which
mapped the entire lifespan
of an orphan in his senility

Being alone in the crowd of the mall
and
alone in your utmost seclusion
molds the lava of effort
for becoming
Man has struggled to
transcend their dormant beats
into a Man of lofty appearance,
looking sick in the eyes
of the mere mortal,
looking as if he has
something important to say
yet remains silent

A Battle for an Upgrade

I’ve seen painters, such deluded wannabes,
who explained their oblivion
they started to draw a grape and
ended up with broccoli,
even a dermal fingerprint was
a widespread dichotomy,
like in the leaves of Ginkgo that
survived the atomic bomb

I also met and still encounter
those overwhelmed by an inkling
after they read the quatrain I wrote
so ardently long ago, just like the Sun
tosses its rays and
beams into the darkest recesses
of your abyss midday. Now when the image and screen
conquer your consciousness and
frequency is programming
your bio–algorithm . . . what would you say
about heaven and earth while
you absorb the battle of proteins
that bring victory to another kind of Man,
to another kind of entity called the “Angeloid”

The One Who Failed to Become

The ignoramus who claims to be
a literary critic and molested the minors
showing his beast at its element
made us laugh and left us aghast afterwards
since this is an outright nightmare
since there is no East nor West
in this nadir and horizon where
the globe and the soul are spheres
but immortality and stupidity are polyhedral-ity

A Different Kind of Blood

All those who spotted
the velocity of a fly
that entered in the ear of a boy
weren’t able to run and rescue him

The boy fell, and the glass door
broke into sharp pieces
that bruised his neck
and scarred his face
but the blood was different
not like the one I used to see
when I accidentally cut my
index finger
I would turn
the pages of the book,
like Grandma used to do,
imbrue it with my saliva,
spinning silk to make a thread
for a delicate embroidery

Now I see how we embroider
our lives with old patterns
and a touch of new thrills
to laminate the motives
on this loom so many have woven,
have layered, with which they filled
the tapestry of time,
our Time that holds us
between the Here and the Then,
between Here and Now,

between Here and Hereafter

We Shall All Migrate

Let this be the end
of sleepless hours and
the last stay on the bench
in the park with the orange
halogen light washing it all over,
and the fallen leaves of the red
Japanese maple that shows
me the path to the next season
which I shall enter between
five and zero,
between past decades and future years
no one knows how much
I will count to show the lack
of my modesty and my
shameless exposure of
all what has been achieved

When I turn back to observe,
it seems as if the coil
is unfurling the electromagnetic strip
of life in a place where bones,
ashes, stones and clogs
poppies, chamomiles, the nettle,
mug wort and the ivy,
grasshoppers, bees, wasps, and ants,
nightingales, owls, eagles and swallows
they all tell us
we shall migrate

Epilogue

Photo Credit: Rromir Imami
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About the Author

Fahredin Shehu was born in 1972 in Rahovec, South East of Kosova. He is a graduate of Prishtina University with a degree in Oriental Studies.

He actively works on calligraphy, discovering new mediums and techniques for this form of art.

For the last thirty years, Shehu has been holding the position of Independent Scientific Researcher in the fields of World Spiritual Heritage and Sacral Esthetics.

The author has written a large number of reviews, edited numerous books and anthologies, and contributed to various anthological collections with his literary work, including *World Healing World Peace*, a two-volume anthology, published by Inner Child Press International, USA.

Other Poetry Books

by the Author

A significant number of the author's poetry books have been translated into English, French, German, Italian, Finish, Estonian, Spanish, Greek, Russian, Romanian Polish, Serbian, Croatian, Bosnian, Macedonian, Slovenian, Bulgarian, Roma, Swedish, Turkish, Arabic, Hebrew, Persian, Mongolian, Chinese, Maltese, Frisian, Sicilian, Bengali, Bahasa, and Hindi.

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The Pen, Selected Poems (Arhipelag, Belgrade Serbia, 2013)

Honeycomb, Novel (Author's Edition, 2013)

BALKANS AND ISLAM, Contributor (Cambridge Scholars Publisher, 2012)

Mulberries, Novel (LOGOS-A- Skopje, Macedonia, 2012)

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CRYSTALINE ECHOES, Poetry (Hard Copy and E-Book, CorposEditora, Porto, Portugal, 2011)

Dismantle of Hate (E-Book, Ronin Press, London, 2010)

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Elemental 99, Short Mystical Poetic Stories (Center for Positive Thinking, Prishinë, 2006)

Nektarina, Novel, Transcendental Epic (Publishing House, RozafaPrishtinë, a Project of the Ministry of Culture, Sport and Youth of Kosova, 2004)

Invisible Plurality, Poetic Prose (Author's Edition, 2000)

NUN, Collection of Mystical Poems (Author's Edition, 1996)

Honors and Positions

Ambassador, Poets to Albania by Poetas del Mundo, (Santiago de Chile)

Ambassador, Spanish Language – Museo De Palabra, Egidio Serrano Foundation (Madrid, Spain)

Member, Publishing and Editing Committee, The Kosovo Ministry for Culture, Sport and Youth (2012-2015)

Member, World Association of Writers

Member, World Poetry Movement

Member, Kosovo PEN Center

Laureate of Gold Medal for Poetry as a Bridge to Nations (AxlepinPublishing, The Philippines)

Poet of the Year 2014, Turkish Literary Magazine, *IMZA*, Yunus Emre Institute, Prishtina, Kosovo

Award-winning Poet, Agim Ramadani (Stubëll, 2014)

Award-winning Poet, NaajiNaaman Prize for Poetry (Beirut, Lebanon, 2016)

Member, Book and Publication Committee at The Ministry of Culture, Sport and Youth (2012-2015)

Pulitzer Prize Nominee of 2017
Certificate of Merit Recipient, World Union of Writers, Mexico

Doctor Honoris Causa, Universum Academy (Lugano, Switzerland)

Lifetime Academic, Universum Academy (Switzerland)

Kosovo Coordinator, World Poetry Movement

Director of International Poetry Festival – “Poetry and Wine” (Rahovec, Kosovo)

Founder, Fund for Cultural Education and Heritage in Kosovo

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For more information:

Inner Child Press

www.innerchildpress.com

intouch@innerchildpress.com

Inner Child Press International

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202 Wiltree Court, State College, Pennsylvania 16801